

Knoxville Whig and Chronicle.

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KNOXVILLE, TENN.: WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1875.

WHOLE NO 1909

FROM NASHVILLE.

Special Dispatch to the Chronicle.

NASHVILLE, Dec. 4, 10 p. m.

The bids for the lease of the Penitentiary were opened on the 1st inst., advertised, and final action deferred until today. The Governor refuses to again lease the Penitentiary, and leaves the subject open to be acted upon by the next Legislature. It is supposed that the Governor's partiality for the present lessees is the cause of this decision. The bids offered were: Landis & White, \$49,500 a year; present lessees, \$54,000.

CONGRESSIONAL.

First Session—Forty-Fourth Congress

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 6, 1875.

The Senate was called to order, Mr. Ferry in the chair.

The usual resolution, notifying the President and House of Representatives that the Senate was ready for business, was adopted; after which Mr. Anthony made a statement that the message probably would not be received to-day.

Mr. Boutwell announced the death of Vice President Wilson. Adjourned.

HOUSE.

Mr. McPherson called the House to order. The McNary certificates were read and laid aside. The Mississippi delegation received the credentials signed by the Lieut. Governor.

The following speech was delivered by Mr. Kerr:

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives:

I am truly gratified for the honor you have conferred in calling me to the exalted station. I profoundly appreciate the importance and delicacy of its duties. I shall doubtless many times need your patient indulgence. I pray that you will grant it, and with nothing but kindly feeling toward every member of the House, I promise that in all my official acts, I will divest myself, to the utmost of my ability, of all personal bias and observe complete fairness and impartiality towards all, and towards all the great and diversified interests of our country, represented in this House.

Two hundred and eighty members were present.

In swearing in the members Messrs. Morey, of Louisiana, and Goode, of Virginia, were asked to stand aside, as they were contested.

A motion to refer Mr. Morey's credentials, after a warm debate, failed, and he was sworn in.

Mr. Goode, after a short discussion, was also sworn in.

Mr. Lamar offered a resolution declaring the following officers of the House elected:

Clerk, Geo. M. Adams, of Kentucky; Sergeant-at-Arms, John G. Thompson, of Ohio; Doorkeeper, Lafayette H. Bingham, of Texas; Postmaster, James M. Stewart, of Virginia; and Chaplain, Rev. J. L. Townsend, of the District of Columbia. Adopted.

After appointing a Committee to wait on the President, and ordering a drawing for seats to-morrow at 1 o'clock, Adjourned.

NEW YORK.

Particulars of Boss Tweed's Escape.

New York, Dec. 6.—Diligent search was made for Tweed last night. He, in charge of officers, went to his home to visit his wife. He wished to see her alone, and was seen no more. Different cities have been telegraphed to keep a lookout for Twenty minutes after his escape was known to the city. There is not the slightest clue to his whereabouts. There is a reward of ten thousand dollars offered for him.

It has been ascertained that Tweed's private Secretary was last seen at his stopping place a few minutes before his departure, on the ten o'clock train, for Boston Saturday morning. He took that train saying he was going to Boston and would return Tuesday. He, however, carried a large trunk. It was rumored at the 59th street Police Station last evening that on Saturday from 4 to 5:12 o'clock p. m., a tug was noticed cruising in a mysterious manner in the East River off 59th street. Nothing was noticed by which the tug could be identified.

Inspector Dilks believes Tweed is on the Ocean. There is good reason to believe that he made his escape many hours before it was reported. It is generally believed that warden Denham and keeper Hagan were privy to his escape, and that Tweed embarked on some private craft on East River, in which he is now sailing for a foreign port.

The Tweed cases which were up to-day were postponed.

The application to compel mails to carry third class matter at one cent an ounce has been refused. Judge Johnson rendered the decision denying the application, holding that the law was perfectly valid and constitutional, and, that while the postoffice laws are revenue laws within the meaning of the statutes they are not laws for raising revenue within provisions of the constitution.

The Tribune has the following dispatch, dated St. Louis, December the 5th:

The Grand Jury in this city found an indictment against General Babcock, on Friday last, for his connection with the whisky ring. Owing to the absence of the District Attorney it was not announced in Court yesterday, but will be without doubt to-morrow.

An afternoon paper has the following regarding Tweed's flight. The most probable theory is that Tweed escaped in the bark Lord Clarendon, which cleared Nov. 14th, for Queensland.

The story is that a relative of Tweed not residing here and known to but few in this city, reached here some three weeks since and purchased the bark Lord Clarendon, a fine vessel of excellent sailing qualities.

The theory is that the Lord Clarendon was chartered by Tweed by his relative, who sailed on her. It is said a vessel looking like her has been seen off East End, Long

Island. It is supposed that Tweed was conveyed on board the steam tug laying in East River on Saturday evening, and was taken on board the Lord Clarendon. The name of the firm which cleared the Lord Clarendon is not in the directory.

New York, Dec. 2.—The following are the details of the Sunnyside disaster: The mate did not get over fifteen or twenty feet from the steamer with his life-boat full of people before it capsized. A terrible scene ensued. There must have been eighteen persons in the boat. The mate swam ashore, but the others that were saved swam back to the steamer. In all probability, all that were lost were drowned from capsizing of the life-boat. Their shouts and cries for aid must have been heard for a long distance. As quick as possible I took the boat from the starboard side and with our head water and deck-boy, tried to get around to the people in the water, but heavy ice prevented. Cries for help continued for about ten minutes, then all was still. We then launched the big boat from the upper deck which was even with the water. The vessel at that time being two hundred feet from shore. I took the boat with the second engineer and finally succeeded in reaching the capsized boat. She was bottom upwards and a man lay on her on his back, with his feet in the water and ice, nearly dead. We took him on board the steamer, and put him in the Pilot's room and covered him with blankets. Then I heard a noise on the outside of our port wheel house, which was only two feet out of water. We worked the boat through the ice to the spot where cries came from, and found an elderly lady; she was lying on the ice about five feet from the wheel house. Her body was partly in the water, her arms holding her up; she was still alive. With great difficulty we got her in the boat, took her to the steamer, put her in the wheelman's room and covered her with blankets, but she died about two hours after. We then went to work to construct a rope ferry from the steamer to the shore. At this time at least sixty persons were crowded together on the hurricane deck. The wind was blowing hard and the air was bitter cold. We got the line ashore and succeeded in getting all off in safety, after they had been on deck for two hours. To do so we placed them in the boat and pulled the boat along by the rope. On reaching the shore they clambered up the rocks and made their way to the farm houses in the vicinity, where every attention was given them.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

DOMESTIC.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—The traditional two-thirds rule of the Democratic Convention does not enter the caucus of the party, a majority nominates. There is no change in the situation this morning, beyond the increased anxiety and less positive assertion.

The Star says in the opinion of those qualified to know there is good reason to believe that Postmaster General Jewell will retire from the Cabinet within a few weeks.

Marcus L. Ward declines the Indian Commissioner.

The President has ordered the following detail for a Court of Inquiry in the case of General Babcock: Lieutenant General Sheridan, Major General Hancock, and Brigadier General Terry. The Court will convene in Chicago, Ill., on Thursday, December the ninth.

Pierpont telegraphed to the Attorney General, at St. Louis, instructing him that the appointment of the military court is in no manner to stay any proceedings that the court authorities may determine upon as being proper in the case.

The caucus was called to order by Fernando Wood on whose motion L. Q. C. Lamar, of Miss., was chosen presiding officer, and on motion of Hollman, of Indiana, Banning, of Ohio, was made Secretary. On taking the Chair, Col. Lamar addressed the caucus. The balloting did not commence until four o'clock, and at half past five the caucus adjourned to seven.

Mr. Kerr was nominated Speaker by the caucus.

The balloting was as follows: First ballot—Kerr, 71; Randall, 69; Cox, 31. Second—Kerr, 77; Randall, 63; Cox, 7; Saylor, 1. Third—Kerr, 90; Randall, 63; Cox, 7; Saylor, 1.

The fourth ballot for Clerk was as follows: Adams, 47; Crittenden, 40; Tyler, 7; Shoemaker, 10; Banks, 22; Dubose, 16; Archer, 7; Whitehead, 7.

Later—Adams was nominated for Clerk, James Stuart, of Virginia, Postmaster, and Rev. J. L. Townsend, Episcopalian, of Washington, for Chaplain.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 4.—Geo. McLeod has been appointed Receiver of the Louisville, Cincinnati and Lexington Short Line Railroad, vice Samuel Gill, who is suffering from aberration of the mind from brain fever.

NASHVILLE, Dec. 4.—The Democrats of the Fourth District nominated H. Y. Riddle for Congress.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 4.—The jury after four hours' consultation returned a verdict of guilty on one count of the indictment, the other three having been pronounced bad by the Court. Avery left the Court. No additional bond will be required for the present. His counsel gave notice of a motion for a new trial.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 4.—Grass Valley has had another earthquake.

BOSTON, Dec. 4.—Forty of the strongest men, headed by President Shepard, bolted the Republican Mayoralty Convention, organized separately, and nominated Mayor Cobb. The Democrats also held a meeting, but made no nomination.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 4.—Mary Newton, colored, aged 87, was burned to a crisp in her house, which was burned.

ROCHESTER, Dec. 4.—Twelve liquor dealers were fined \$30.00 each for selling on Sunday.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Dec. 4.—Louis C. Voyt, for 40 years editor of the Democratic Banner, is dead.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Dec. 4.—The delegates from Amherst, Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Princeton, Trinity, Union, Williams, Wesleyan, and Yale Colleges, assembled in this city to-day, and organized an Athletic Association of the American Colleges to manage the athletic sports at the College Regatta.

ATLANTA, GA., Dec. 4.—Hon. J. W. Renfro, of Washington county, was appointed State Treasurer to-day.

NICHOLSVILLE, KY., Dec. 4.—A portion

of the business houses of this place has been burned. Loss, \$30,000.

FOREIGN.

LONDON, Dec. 6.—The Pall Mall Gazette this afternoon contains the following brief but startling news item: "An awful explosion occurred to-day at the Swaithie Mine Colliery, near Radesley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. It is feared that more than two hundred lives are lost."

LONDON, Dec. 6.—The Colliery at which the dreadful explosion occurred to-day belongs to Mitchell & Co., one of the largest in the southern part of Yorkshire. It is joined by underground workings with Edmonds' Mine Colliery, where, twelve years ago yesterday, over three hundred persons perished. The works extend for many miles, entirely worked with safety lamps, under very rigid discipline, and were considered safe.

At 6 o'clock this a. m. about three hundred men and boys descended and commenced work as usual. At 9:30 a terrific explosion occurred. The exact position of the explosion is unknown, but the miners in all parts of the pit were startled by a large volume of smoke, and after this those who were able rushed to the pit's bottom, but the drawing cage was displaced. As soon as possible volunteers were organized to search for the dead and dying. The volunteers reported about noon that they met with great difficulty.

GEN. BURRIEL TO BE TRIED.

One Theory of the Naval Preparations Exploded—Spain to Carry out the Terms of the Virginia Protocol.

(By Telegraph to the Tribune.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—Advices received here through naval sources to-day, set at rest, apparently, the newest story regarding the sudden activity in the Navy Department. The extraordinary expenditures of Secretary Robinson during the past month have been of such a character, and so lavish and continuous, that even the officers of the Treasury, through whose hands the money has passed, have been amazed and startled. That some good reason or plausible excuse for the consideration of Congress exists for this immense outlay, has been generally conceded. Various explanations have been made, and even the Secretary himself has had something to say, but no adequate reason has yet been suggested. The newest explanation for the activity in the navy was a very plausible one at first sight, and related to carrying out the protocol between Admiral Polo and Secretary Fish, requiring the punishment of persons connected with the massacre of the officers and crew of the Virginias. The protocol in question was signed Nov. 29, 1873, and provided that Spain should proceed against the persons who committed the acts complained of, and should "arraign them before competent courts, and inflict punishment on those who may have offended."

It has been claimed that the Spanish Government, instead of carrying out this agreement, has allowed officers to escape, and even promoted the principal offender, Gen. Burriel, under whose orders the crew of the Virginias were executed. This has been the subject of correspondence between the two Governments, but the subject has not reached a point where it was necessary for the United States to assume a threatening attitude. The intelligence has now reached here that Spain has at last manifested a determination to carry out the provision of the protocol complained of, and has organized a court, before which Gen. Burriel has been summoned for trial.

Poe's Unhappy Sister.

Baltimore Gazette.

In connection with the dedication of the memorial monument over the grave of Edgar Allan Poe, it becomes a matter of some interest to recall the fact of the comparatively recent death of the poet's only sister, Miss Rosalie Poe, which occurred about a year ago in the home of the Epiphany, Washington, D. C. Prior to entering that institution, she resided in Baltimore, and was in quite destitute circumstances. An effort was made by some charitable citizens to relieve her wants, and the Rev. George W. Powell, of the First Universalist Church, delivered a lecture for her benefit, which realized about \$100. Mr. Powell applied to a number of charitable institutions for the purpose of securing the admission of Miss Poe, but was unsuccessful, on account of the strict rules by which those charities are governed. Miss Poe also essayed a public reading which was a complete failure, she being in no condition, physically or otherwise, to prosecute successfully. The Rev. Mr. Powell finally secured her admission, and a home in the institution at Washington in the spring of 1874, where she died a few months after of congestive chills. Before her death, it is understood, she requested that her body should be removed to this city and interred beside the remains of her brother Edgar, but her dying wishes were not regarded, and her remains were placed in a vault in Washington, where they are present remain.

What folly is it, that with such care about the body which is dying, the world which is perishing before our eyes, time which is perpetually disappearing, we should so little care about that eternal state in which we are to live forever, when this dream is over! When we shall have existed ten thousand years in another world, where will be all the cares and fears and enjoyments of this? In what light shall we then look upon the things which now transport us with joy or overwhelm us with grief?—J. Venn.

The New York World has discovered that the proper phrase for expressing dissent is no longer "Too thin," or, "I won't wash," but, "It won't go round," and the Cincinnati Times says the phrase has an origin similar to the Order of the Garter. It was what she said to the enterprising store clerk, who assured her it was latest thing out

A PLEA FOR NATIONAL BANKS.

The National Banking System vs. The Old State Banking System.

To the Editors of the Chronicle:

An immense amount of claptrap has been written and spoken by demagogues of the Democratic persuasion in regard to the National Banks, which having been first authorized by a Republican Congress, are supposed to be necessarily Republican institutions, and to be denounced accordingly, without reference to their usefulness or convenience. Very little notice has been taken of this Democratic babble by Republican speakers and writers, probably because Republicans have faith in the intelligence and common sense of the American people; but a few words on that subject may not be amiss.

No one contends now that Banks are not a necessity of the age; the only question is, how and with what powers they shall be organized, and in what manner those who deal with them and take their currency shall be secured.

Two systems have prevailed in this country: the first, that of Banks organized under laws of the different States, and issuing circulation secured, or not secured, as the laws of each State might provide. We all remember this good old time. There were hundreds of Banks, existing under the laws of every State of the Union. Each Bank issued its own notes, obtained such credit for them as it might, and circulated them as far as possible. Each Bank had its own designs and devices upon its bills; some well executed and some lily executed. Some bills were current and would readily pass in large districts of country and in several States, while others could not be used out of their own State or neighborhood; and a man undertaking a journey to a distant State must needs first consult a broker and dispose of the miscellaneous contents of his pocket book at such rate of discount as might be required. Issues of all banks were counterfeited, and no man without a counterfeit detector before him could, out of the immense mass of bills of heterogeneous devices, tell the counterfeit from the genuine, or the solvent from the worthless; and every business man subscribed for, and religiously consulted his bank note detector—poor men in the country, who had no detector got along as they could, and pocketed their losses with such resignation as they might summon. Design any man, Democrat or Republican, wish to go back to those good old times?

But the Democratic orator scowls fearfully at the National Bank, as he charges that it is fleeing the American people and making enormous profits from its circulation and its bonds. Does not this soulless and bloated bondholder corporation deposit with the Treasurer of the United States to secure its circulation; and does it not receive from the Government almost an equal amount of bills for circulation, which it loans and invests, all the time receiving from the Government large interest on these same unholy deposits of bonds, thereby making a double profit on its capital? And the Democratic voice becomes hoarse, and the Democratic pen drips blood, as they ask the horrible question.

Well, as a matter of fact, the figures show that no such extraordinary profits are made in the business of our National Banks. But as the Government compels the citizens to buy these bonds, and to deposit them with the Treasurer before he shall be permitted to engage in the business of banking, it is hard to see why it should not pay him the interest upon them, particularly as it is morally certain that no one would engage in the business upon other terms.

But such talk is all for effect. The system of securing the bank circulation adopted by the United States, is essentially the same, which was adopted by the State of Tennessee in the Free Banking Law of 1832, and which was adopted generally—perhaps universally—in other States where bank circulation was secured at all. By the act of Tennessee, of 1832, any bank organized under it might legally transfer to the Comptroller of the State, the bonds of the State or of the United States, or of incorporated companies indorsed by the State, and might thereupon receive from the Comptroller an equal amount of notes for circulation. The interest on the bonds deposited, except the amount retained for taxation, belonged to the bank making the deposit, as is now the case with National Banks. But no one complained that the State of Tennessee was by this system nourishing a breed of bloated bondholders to eat out the vitals of the State. Some mode of securing bank circulation must be adopted, and of all possible modes, that adopted by this State and by Congress is probably the most convenient and efficient. Demagogues must have somewhat to orate and gesticulate about, and perhaps they can do this as harmlessly about National Banks as any other subject. Whether it would be practicable or advisable that all banks of issue should be done away with, and the entire currency of the country be furnished directly by the General Government, thereby throwing all these bonds upon the market and forcing the collection of all moneys due these banks, is a different question. But no man in his senses desires to go back to the horrible chaos of a system of State banks; and the effort to create a prejudice against the National Banks, or against the Republican party on their account, is the veriest booby extant.

An elderly maiden, who had suffered some disappointment, thus defines the humor: "Man—a conglomerated mass of hair, tobacco smoke, confusion, conceit and boots. Woman, water perforce, on the forehead animal."

LETTER FROM ITALY.

City of Florence—Its Treasury of Art, and other Points of Interest.

From our own Correspondent.

FLORENCE, Oct. 19, 1875.

Everybody begins, as we did, by being disappointed in Florence, and everybody ends, as we did, by falling desperately in love with it. The first impressions of the city are not, as a general thing, calculated to attach one to the place, especially if these impressions are derived from observations confined strictly to the city itself. The streets, as I stated in a previous letter, are extremely narrow, generally devoid of sidewalks, and to thread which is at a great risk of being run over by the carelessly driven vehicles; portions of the city are not overly clean, and a great part of it presents a rather neglected appearance. These conditions remain the same as when I then wrote, but somehow they appear different. We have become accustomed to the narrowness of the streets, and have learned to dodge between the wheels of the passing carriages with the experience of old inhabitants, (by the way, if you get run over you have to pay a fine of ten francs); the dirtiness we have come to look upon as the common lot of Italian cities and its offensiveness is largely diminished by constant contact with it. While the dilapidated places, since we have come to know their history, have only the flavor of antiquity hanging about them. But Florence has a positive beauty in its suburbs, which I had not explored at the time I last wrote.

I took a drive a few evenings since along the *viale* which begins at the Porta Romana, and after gradually ascending in the winding course the adjacent hills finally ends in the Piazzale Michael Angelo, commanding a magnificent view of the city and surrounding country. The *viale* is bordered throughout its course of nearly two miles by rows of acacias and sycamores, and is counted the finest drive in the South of Europe. It is on these hills surrounding the city that the beautiful villas are built of which one hears so much. These are the winter residences of the wealthy citizens of the northern European countries as well as Americans, the Russians coming in for a large share. It is after seeing these villas with their tastefully laid out gardens, and contemplating the view from the San Miniato that one comes to know how it received the appellation of "Florence the beautiful." Standing upon the edge of the Piazzale Michael Angelo you look down upon the Valley of the Arno, stretching its miles of fertile soil as far up and down the river as the eye can reach; beyond the Fiesole, with all its wealth of ecclesiastical history, points its summit toward Heaven, the first to catch the rays of rising sun, and the last to reflect them, as he sinks behind its companion, Mount of San Miniato, in the West. Seen from this point the city itself appears at its best. Its irregularity and tumbled down aspect are lost in the distance, and you see only a plain of pointed gable roofs and turrets from which arise the square tower of Palazzo Vecchio, the great Duomo, with its mighty dome, and the beautiful campanile of Giotto, looking, as Hawthorne has said, wonderfully like a colossal toy of carved ivory. You see all that is enchanting, and nothing that is repulsive about the place; and if the day chance to be one of those celestially bright ones which are so common in Italy at this season, and the time sunset, you will no longer be in doubt as to why the poet, in speaking of the cities of the South, should say—

"The fairest of all is Florence."

Why it is that Florence should form a solitary exception to all the other Italian cities in the matter of its location I can not understand. It is the only one that is built in a valley; all the others are situated on eminences; and some among them on hills apparently inaccessible. Between Florence and Rome one sees every few miles an old town, often in utter ruins, placed upon the side of the rocky cliffs that so commonly form one bank of the insignificant streams of the country. They stand high above the surrounding plain—barren, desolate, look, with not even a tree to relieve the monotony with its greenness, or offer a friendly shade, as a protection against the dazzling glare and penetrating heat of the summer sun. But it was not protective against the elements that those old Italians sought when they founded these towns and hamlets; it was against the aggressiveness of their own kind that they wished to secure themselves, and right well did they do it in the days anterior to rifled cannon and needle guns. Nearly all were surrounded by walls, some of which are yet in a moderately good state of preservation. A large number of them are deserted now; at least no manifestations of life were apparent and general evidences of decay and desertion were everywhere visible.

I can not in a single letter, nor in any number of letters, do justice to Florence as a treasury of art. It is only after you have been here for a time and have explored the city fully, and examined into its multitudinous and multifarious collections, that you can begin to understand its salient richness. The whole city is coturated with art productions and art associations. One actually lives in and breathes an atmosphere of art—of art ancient and art modern—of renaissance, ante-renaissance and past-renaissance—of all nations and all peoples—of art sacred and profane, and in all possible shapes and forms, whether it be in painting, sculpture or architecture. You turn from a narrow, dirty

alley into a square containing a colossal statue; upon the corner of an insignificant street stands a bronze figure that is almost worth its weight in silver; in the market place a copy in bronze of the antique wild boar, which any American city would consider itself rich in possessing, serves as a fountain, and the little dirty brown-skinned children clamber over his bristly back and drink the water as it trickles between his immense tusks. And we pity these poor miserable Italians! I think I did once myself, but I am sure I shall never be guilty of it again. It is we who need commiseration and not they. What have we of art in America, and especially in the South? What opportunities have we to educate ourselves in any kind of art?—of bringing our minds to a proper condition to appreciate a great production when we see it? I speak from experience, and the more strongly, because I feel now what that experience has deprived me of. Not that I consider myself now capable of even partially understanding the works of the great masters, or of entering into the spirit of their labors, or criticizing in any manner the technicality of their work, but a life-time of constant study scarcely suffices for this, but being, as I have been for two months, surrounded by all this artistic greatness, and conscientiously endeavoring with the aid of the best lights I could get, to learn something of the old art, has taught me the sublime depths of my own ignorance, and shown me that there is a reality in it all—that it is eminently worth our while, laboring ever so assiduously, to understand. To live in Florence, is of itself an education in art. One is brought so constantly in close contact with the old masterpieces, that a certain amount of their spirit is absorbed by a process of endosmosis.

You can go where without being brought within the pale of these influences. In the Piazza Lignoria, you have the *Loggia Langi*, containing the celebrated "Persens with the Medusa head," the finest production in bronze to be found in the city. After looking through all the galleries and examining all the single figures, one finally comes to look back to this as the chief of them all. I have come to learn that this is one of the best ways of judging of the value of a statue or picture—that you are never tired looking at it, and that each time you examine it a new beauty is revealed. Close to this is the most remarkable group in marble, with one exception in the world, "the rope of the salines" by *Gibbanni de Bolognia*. Every time I pass the *loggia* I cannot refrain from stopping for another look at this wonderful carving. There is a life—a spring about the principal figure that makes you expect to see him move away at any moment with his struggling burden. But one letter would not suffice for even a catalogue of the noteworthy statues and paintings, and I mention these two sculptures because they are not so much written or talked about as some others, such as the various figures by Michael Angelo, mentioned in one of my previous letters, and the *Venus de Medici*. This last is always a disappointment at the first observation. In the first place the size of the figure is much too small and the yellowness of age and the numerous, but not always judicious, "restorations" have impaired its original beauty to no inconsiderable degree. But with all these drawbacks it will be found yet, upon close examination, to be the nearest approach to the ideal of the female form extant. By and by, as you look at it again and again, its exceeding gracefulness begins to draw upon you and in time you understand that it is deserving of all the encomiums heaped upon it. It differs in this respect from the "dying gladiator" in Rome. In this the image of death is apparent in the peculiar tension of the upper lip at the first glance, and you momentarily expect to see his head fall forward upon his breast and the body sink lifeless upon the shield. But it is not alone in the statues and the *loggia* miles of pictures contained in the *Galleria* and *Pitti* galleries, and in the *Bella Arti* and numerous other smaller collections, that the artistic wealth of Florence consists. Its churches are even more interesting than its galleries and to the art or ecclesiastical student of untold value. What treasures of art and church history are embodied in the *Santa Croce*, the *Santa Maria Novella* and the *Baptistry*. The first was the first Christian church founded by St. Francis himself in Etruria; the second the first Church of the Dominican order, built under the supervision of that Saint in person, while the last is built upon the site and contains some of the building materials of an ancient temple of Mars. All moreover, contain frescoes, mosaics by Orcagna, Giotto or others of those who laid the foundation of Italian art. The Duomo and the companion represent some of the more modern work, though the latter was almost exclusively the work of Giotto. In fact every house almost has some association with some of Italy's famous statesmen, artists or poets, though a few of them have returned to somewhat base uses.

This letter is written from the Palace of Macchiavelli, the famous Florentine philosopher and historian—perhaps in the very room in which he penned some of his greatest thoughts. It is now used as a pension, or boarding house, as are numerous others of the old palaces; in fact the majority of the hotels were once residences of the nobility and great men of Florence.

S. M. B.

Bergh's Hog Case.

Bergh has won his hog case. The question involved was whether certain New York hog slaughterers should be permitted to hoist the porkers by the leg before their throats were cut. The court says no, and recommends Bergh's merciful process of converting swine into pork.

Bergh's heart is as tender as that of Mrs. Partington, who admonished like, when he was about to drown some kittens in a tub, to be sure and put some warm water in it to take the chill off.